

ONE DOLLAR

Bitter Sweet

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

VOLUME SIX, NUMBER FOUR
APRIL
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE

Nikki Butts
Norway Artist

•

Tony Mollica
of Hebron Academy

•

Charlotte Hammond
Paris Hill Doctor

•

Henry Polland
of Webbs Mills

•

Percy Mayhew
West Paris' Last
Grist Mill Operator

•

Easter Lamb



12/20

MRice

Grange Halls: Photos by Rangeley's
David Fulton

Fiction by Denmark's
Henry Banks



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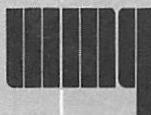


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Bitter Sweet Views

THE HAPPY MOOD

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and I shall not expose it
to the wind, the weather
or the world's comments;
in a green-edged corner
of my heart, I'll enclose it
with mist and moonbeams . . .
and it *needn't* make sense.

That poem by Florence Burrill Jacobs of East Madison appeared in *McCalls* magazine in March of 1964. The late Mrs. Jacobs had a unique ability to express a close observation of people "at the bone," so to speak—at their inmost level of reality, and for their own value. As a tale about her poetry on page 22 shows, there is an irony that life often causes us to face.

Each of us has that instinct for survival which helps us to strike out at whatever threatens to bury us, or to stubbornly hang on to our dreams. This has been called a Yankee attribute, probably because it has always taken a lot of that stubborn instinct to live around here. Really, it is a very universal human trait.

In this April issue, you will see survival on many levels: the survival of the Finns in the conclusion of our Heritage article (pg. 9); the perseverance of the Grange and of its buildings seen on pg. 13. Author David Fulton didn't mention them, but we are proud of some of the fine halls in our vicinity: Lakeside by Long Lake in Harrison; Waterford Grange in North Waterford; the stained-glass windows of Paris and West Paris halls; Norway's V. Akers handpainted scenes; and (my own) Bear Mt. Grange in South Waterford, with its beautiful dance floor. All are still in active use.

There are other stories of survival from fishermen (pg. 19) to railroad men (pg. 24);

Maine's People in Perspective

Peter C. Allen, Bruce H. Day,
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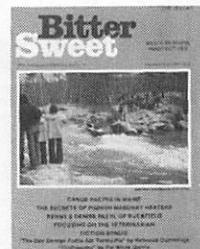
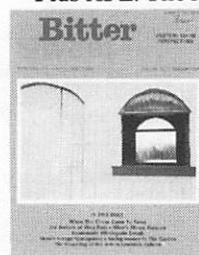


April 1978: Kayaking in Oxford County;
Lumbering in the "Good Ol' Days;" Finlandia;
A.B. Record & Sons Sawmill; Medicine
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April 1979: Bog Fishing by Stanley Foss
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er's Guide to the best
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April 1981: Humorist Joe Perham; LPL
Plus APL: The Arts in Lewiston/Auburn;
Atherton Furlong, art-
ist, singer, poet; Saving
money in the garden;
a fitness program for
hikers; the secret to
good bread.



April 1982: Local Canoe Racing; Finnish
Masonry Heaters; Benny & Denise Reehl
of the Buckfield Leather 'n Lather Travel-
ling Variety Show; A Day with Veterinarian
Matt Holden; and fictional piece by
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We have back issues of other months, too!

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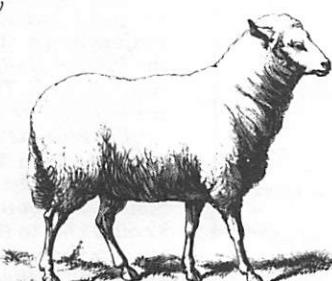
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Cover: Print by
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from cardiac patients (pg. 23) to a woman determined to become a doctor back when women "didn't do those things" (pg. 18). Like Margaret Harriman's plants emerging from winter's snow (pg. 12), we've survived another winter—and here it is, spring!

This brings me to the survival of *BitterSweet*. It is a matter I've mentioned before, but now it becomes rather more pressing. It's expensive to produce a publication like this, as you well know; so expensive that we have to cut back. This is the *last big issue*. Beginning in May, *BitterSweet* will again be the smaller 6 x 9 size many of you fondly remember.

That's not all. While we undergo a period of internal re-organization, we will only be accepting subscriptions through Dec. of 1983. This means that each month you can subscribe for a dollar less: right now, it will be 8 months (a \$9.00 value on the news stands) for \$8.00.

You *will* want to subscribe though, not to miss an issue. We have a lot of really quality reading coming up: Civil War material; a continuing Sportsman's Diary; visits to various outdoor places; historical data, such as that on naturalist George Howe or Hannibal & Cyrus Hamlin; faces of people from all over western Maine; recipes; fiction; antique photos; children's writing; old farm recollections; amateur theatre projects—and much more, all from your friends and neighbors!

None of us wants to take this step, but the reality is that, for every 1 person who buys *BitterSweet*, there may be 100 who read it for free, and another 100, at least, who don't know of it at all. How can you help? There's a terrific push on to remind us to "buy local"—to support local businesses. Naturally, we can't think of a happier way of preserving Maine's past and present than "Buying *BitterSweet*."

Nancy Marcotte

Goings On

The *Marsden Hartley* exhibit will be at Colby College this month. Through April 15th, the *Farnsworth Museum at Rockland* will feature a color exhibition for students, in conjunction with a *Student Art Show* (in the Main Gallery until May 1st). Sounds like a good field trip for art classes! (During the winter, the Farnsworth offers drawing and painting classes, as well as art for pre-schoolers and schoolchildren—a wonderful idea!)

At Westbrook College, on April 12th, *Muna Tseng, Dance Soloist*, will perform in the Moulton Theatre at 8:15 p.m. She will offer a Master class on Apr. 11. Until May 8, *photos by Abe Morrell and sculpture by Cheryl Boykin* will be exhibited in the Alexander Hall Gallery (Sun.-Thurs. 1-4 p.m.) Evening panel discussions in conjunction with the architecture show in the *Payson Gallery* will be held Apr. 14 & Apr. 20. Call **797-9546** for more information.

LPL Plus APL has a variety of April projects, from the *National Marionette Theatre* on the 8th, 7:30 p.m., Central School Auditorium, Auburn, Admission \$2.50/\$1.50; to films: "Man of Iron" (Apr. 10), winner of the 1981 Cannes Film Festival, and "A Week's Vacation" (Apr. 24), Bertrand Tavernier film set in the South of France. Sundays, 2 p.m., Promenade Mall Cinema, Lewiston, \$2.50.

BitterSweet Writing Contest for Young People is coming up—watch for announcement next month. Deadline is June 15th this year.

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TWO ARTISTS AT HEBRON ACADEMY

During the month of April, artwork by Norway's Nikki Butts will be displayed at Hebron's Hupper Gallery by Art Director Tony Mollica. Below, they each talk about their careers:

Tony Mollica:

Teaching Arts For Living

How does a boy from a public school in Rye, New York, who disliked "preppies" when he faced them across a football field, get to be an art teacher at a private school in New England? For Tony Mollica, the road was circuitous.

He is a sculptor, with a BFA from the prestigious Parsons School of Design. For two years he was an architect doing environmental design in Boston, but disenchantment with the dishonesty of doing business in the city and his love for bicycle touring led him to a job in a bike shop.

"It was a good place to retire," he remembers, "but not to start out." Then he was a production manager at a newspaper for a while, but the daily hassle was too great.

After earning a master's degree in art education at Manhattanville, he practiced art therapy for the emotionally disturbed at Cornell Medical Center in New York. Tony left his therapeutic career for teaching in the public schools, but in 1979 he knew it was again time for a change; that's when he and wife Claire came to Hebron Academy. (They now have an infant son, Matthew.)

Tony Mollica seems to have found a happy niche at Hebron—probably because his position as Arts Coordinator and Director of the Hupper Gallery affords him the scope his experience and talents demand.

It is definitely a different lifestyle for a teacher—for one thing, he has to be available 24 hours a day. Though Tony is out of the dorm now, he's still in demand, because the art room in the basement of Treat Hall is left open and students are constantly working.

The co-ordination of arts at Hebron means just that: Tony is responsible for everything in that line. Rather than it being a burden, though, Tony sees it as a challenge to his organizational skills. He has "organized" a music department out of a void in response to student needs. Tony found a space, recruited a piano, raised some funds, brought in professionals like the Portland Youth Orchestra and the Dirigo Brass Quintet to give the 230+ students at Hebron some exposure to quality music. Then he tapped a neighbor with an extensive background: Forrest Perkins now teaches half-time at the academy—even offering a class for academic credit in theory and appreciation (which is seldom seen below college level).



Nikki Butts

The Recognition of a Woman

She warms you by her fire and her words and her whole smile. Her dedication to her personal images is complete, enviable.

So dedicated is she that she made her banker-husband Charlie show her how to build a studio of her own—a "get-away" place in a Pike's Hill field that has since become rather more a "get-to" place where Nikki Butts can explore the images that make her an artist.

An artist's daughter before she went to college to major in English, Nikki spent many years—travelling in Europe, getting her master's degree, teaching, marrying and mothering two daughters (Lissa, now 10, and Stephanie, 7)—before she realized that none of those things was the complete Nikki Butts.

The artist in her reached out to the materials around her home; and those nearest-to-hand, naturally, were fabrics. She thought she'd quilt or sew. But quilting was too hard-edged and particular; sewing turned into something other than just wearable items—more like art. Art!

Working at home, though—as any mother/artist knows—is less-than-perfect. Supper usurps the projects on the dining room table. Visitors look askance at piles of fabric, sketches, inspirational things lying around. Better, much better, to separate the two functions, giving each of the important jobs one has to do its own organizational space. (Businessmen in offices have realized this always; women and artists have come to it later.)

The little studio itself is an effective metaphor for the artist. Outside trim, petite, dark; inside it opens up to twice its size, filled with white light and flowing colors painted on the floor and on leaning canvases.

It's a woman's place: something old (recycled door and bank windows), something new (shelves of supplies, clean white walls), something borrowed (tables and a bed from home), something blue . . . and red, yellow, green, too. A simple, one-room space, in it she can paint, collage, stitch, write, or simply gaze at the distant mountains and think.

The studio has become very important in her hard-won development as a working artist. In it is a small woodstove, and a big, black ledger in which her inner experiences flow out to become a journal sketched, painted, and written. Pieces of cloth overlap on the floor where she puts together a collage based on a painting of various patterns. Soft sculpture with more pieces of cloth and pattern gaze out at the one who gazes back.

TONY: Tapping people's talents is one of Mollica's excellent skills. Photographer Skip Churchill (see *Bitter-Sweet*, Oct., 1982) was a maintenance man at Hebron until Tony got him teaching a few students; that encouraged Skip to try a job in a photo lab.

Raising money is another challenge to which Tony responds. "A flea market will buy an instrument," he says. "Maybe we can get a photographic darkroom by selling silkscreened t-shirts . . ."

There's more: offering dance; co-ordinating the faculty to put on a dramatic winter play and a spring musical; producing "Etchings," a school magazine. Tony also aims to get a solid respect for the gallery, located on the lower level of Hupper Library. And, to chase the gloom away from cold winter Sundays, Tony promoted a January-February Film Festival for the academy and the community—featuring such classics as Bogart's "African Queen" and the Marx Brothers' "Animal Crackers."



All of this he sees as a way for the students to "talk art," observe what's going on in the world, break down some barriers, see that their work can be taken seriously. Tony obviously believes that it's experience which educates.

Primary among Mollica's many functions, however, is that of art teacher. He's realistic about it: "I know I'm not a Picasso-maker," he says. "Most of these kids won't make art for a living. But they will have a well-rounded education.

"They will develop philosophies and statements about looking at art . . . They will be coming in contact with it all their lives. It's good for them to know what to look at and what to look for. It's not enough to say, 'I don't like that.' Why? Art isn't good just because you like something . . . even Picasso did bad art."

Accordingly, Tony teaches art in the most professional way. Students are expected to know word definitions and how to use the vocabulary of art; they must do lots of writing—reports, etc. They learn to critique their work and others'. Because of this, Tony is, in fact, developing some people who may make a living from art. Some of his former students are now at places like Rhode Island School of Design and Maryland Institute of Art.

NIKKI: Some of her sculpture and collages are now sold at a Hallowell gallery. Some will be on display at a Nikki Butts show at Hebron Academy's Hupper Gallery this month (*April 3-May 8; gallery hrs. 9-3 M-F; 7:30-9:30 p.m. Sundays*). Her three-dimensional work rather flows into her painting, and vice-versa. She is completing a "body of work" that is truly exemplary of the creative process through which Nikki Butts has passed.

That doesn't mean it won't change more. In no way is Nikki's work static. Looking at it is like watching a multi-dimensional evolutionary process. "It's exciting to be doing this," she affirms, and one must agree. It's exciting to be looking at it.



The rest of the world may soon think so, too. Nikki Butts' layered, patterned, Eastern-like ink-and-color-wash illustrations accompanying Pat White's children's book are being seriously considered by a big-time publisher.

We suspect that, for Nikki, being a working artist will make her other occupations more fulfilling. And vice-versa.

There's nothing frivolous about the aesthetic education Tony offers. Courses in architecture have led at least one student to try an engineering career. Recently, Tony added an empty maintenance room for clay work and a photo lab to his department.

Hebron Academy's trimester system adapts well to the basic courses required of all students: *Drawing*, the contour, or the figure in various media like ink, charcoal, craypas, or some combination; *Sculpture*, with mobiles, constructions, welding, bronzing or carving soapstone; and *Painting*.

Tony Mollica is serious about his students' work. "The arts are losing their integrity (some places)," he believes. "They have been attached to other things for survival, which is all right. But art doesn't have to have other reasons to exist—it's good by itself."

This same philosophy led to a great celebration of the arts each spring. Festival '83—as previous festivals—will be a day of dance, student gallery exhibits, music, craft guild displays, balloons, t-shirts, and a cook-out for everyone to enjoy.

That's a fine experience for a man who'd rather teach than sculpt, right now.

N.M.

Ayah

letters to the editor

FAMILY REUNION

Because my wife was born in Hartford, Maine, and we have many relatives in that general area, and also because I have boyhood memories of the Lake Kezar area, *BitterSweet* brings back a warm "family reunion feeling."

*Alvin D. Rogers
Portland*

I like *BitterSweet* very much. I'd be lost without it. Am especially interested in Nov. issue article about Old Wadsworth Hallin Hiram. My brother, Clarence Douglas, lived there all his married life. Many hot Sundays in summer I and my family have been entertained and cooled off in the big Hall.

*Evelyn Day
South Hiram*

POLAND

Can I place it? Yes! All pictures in the winter edition are of Poland. *Top left*, the first Poland Town Hall (which burned). *Top right*, Harris Hill Rd. to Rt. 26 intersection at Poland Corner. Stack pipe of Poland Steam Mill, Belfry at center of Poland Corner School. *Lower left*, E. C. Jordan Store and Poland R.R. station. *Lower right*, Poland Corner looking north on Rt. 26. Currently Grace Mills Place on right. Parsonage just beyond. *Extreme lower left*, Former Rob Moore place across Waterhouse Brook from Poland R.R. station.

*Abbie Farr
Poland*

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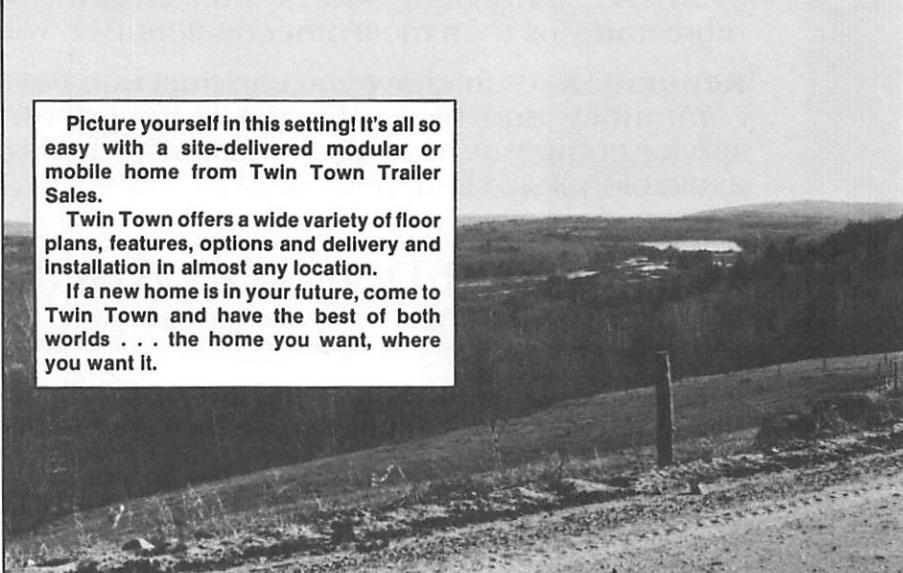
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Part II

Piirainen, Pulkkinen, Heikkinen, Haverinen, Koskela, Korhonen, Komulainen—the phone books, town records, and school classes of Maine are full of names with double vowels or consonants and unusual spellings. Some names have been anglicized into Cummings or Hilden or McKeen. For the current generation of Finns, the names are the only difference—they are virtually indistinguishable from their classmates. For their parents, however, it wasn't always so. Coming from homes where no English was spoken, carrying lunches made of foreign dark bread, they were subjected to ridicule for a while.

But things change. Now, as Taisto Koskela, a director of the Finnish American Heritage Society says, "My grandchildren tease me to teach them Finnish, but they don't have the patience. You have to start with the alphabet." He is a jovial, intelligent, ruddy-faced man wearing a Masonic belt and ring. He has been to Finland. He likes to remember the old traditions, such as the family sauna, which he and his wife Eleanor, historian of the society, still have in West Paris.

"Saunas in those days were separate buildings, with huge stones and wooden barrels with pipes to heat the water," he says. "We like them good and hot. You never go into a sauna until after the fire and the embers die down and some of the smoke clears away. There is no chimney in a sauna, just a vent hole in the ceiling. They would smoke meat up in the rafters, too."

Ena Heikkinen, of Falmouth, president of the Society, says, "Saunas were often built next to a brook or a lake so that they could cut a hole in the ice and jump in after the hot bath." He recalls at his family home in Greenwood, they'd often roll in a snowbank. Eleanor Koskela's children would run and make snow angels to cool off after the *kylyp* (bath).

"We used to use *vastas*," says Taisto—birch or cedar branches hung to dry with the leaves still on, then dipped in a bucket of water and used to switch or stimulate the skin. The dry heat of a sauna is highly praised for its purgative effect on sinuses, skin, and body toxins. An old Finnish proverb states that two places were holy: church and sauna. (For more on sauna, see *BitterSweet*, May 1978.)

The Finnish-American Heritage

The first six people to meet and discuss the founding of a society: Ena and Katherine Heikkinen; Raymond and Eva Hilden; Taisto and Eleanor Koskela.



Babies were born there, visitors entertained—and the whole family cleaned.

"Finns are clean," asserts Eva Hilden of South Paris, a director of the Finnish American Heritage Society of Maine. "We used to use the sauna a couple of times a week—but always on Saturday night, to get ready for church on Sunday. Then there would be hot homemade baked beans

words: "Northern people, like the Finns, withdrawn though they may appear, are capable of extreme passion."

Friendly, earthy, hospitable, they effuse with good will, strong black coffee, and tasty traditional food, like fish baked in pastry or rye-crusted *piirika* (rice pie—see Eva Hilden's recipe). They were made for celebration after the work was done: in Finland they celebrate Mid-Summer's Eve—the longest day of sunshine in the land of the midnight sun. In the pitch-black winter, Finnish musicians get together and play polkas, *schottisches*, the lively old-time dances.

They used to dance more in this country, too. In West Paris, regular dances continued up until World War II when the boys were off to war. Since then there have been fewer occasions for the Finnish American community to get together.

The Heritage Society is changing that—providing opportunity for the dancing, for a picnic in August, a regular meeting (the 3rd Sunday in every month except March, June and July). For the oldtimers, it's a wonderful chance to meet. "This is the best thing you could ever have done," they say.



cooked on the wood cookstove, and turnip pie or *nisu* (coffee cake—recipe follows) if there was company. When they were smelting, there'd be lots of smelts; we'd salt them down in huge barrels, then eat them raw or pickled with onions and vinegar."

Food and celebrations have always been important to Finns, and they've passed the old customs and recipes down.

In his book, "Night Train At Wiscasset Station," writer Lew Dietz recalls the life of famous Finnish photographer Kosti Ruohomaa with these



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Lila Suomela reminds us that, just as all Americans are not alike, so all Finns are not. Some immigrants were church-goers; others were free-thinkers. Families like hers, from Southern Finland, originally, had different words, customs, and foods. She also pointed up an error in our historical data. Finland received its independence in 1920 from Russia, which had made the little country a Grand Duchy after taking it over from Sweden.

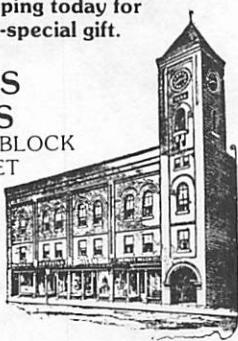
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"It's just like the old days."

Raymond Hilden, a rural mail carrier, says, "I've seen people there I hadn't seen in 40 years."

The younger generation is beginning to catch on to what they've missed and they are joining, too—to discover, as their motto says, "mitakuuluu" (loosely translated, "what's happening"). They may soon have a building of their own. Land on High St., So. Paris, was donated by Helmi McCullum, and a building fund was just begun.

Theirs is a proud heritage of work and sacrifice. It's also one of sensitive art and craft. The Finns have contributed much to the world-wide artistic community, from folk-style woven wall hangings and birch-bark moccasins, to famed Arabia glass and crystal; from the architecture and furniture of the Saarinens to the bright, pure colors of Marimekko fabrics (translated "a little dress for Mary") developed by the Ratia family.

In this country, they have a fine tradition, too—of lives well-lived, farms reclaimed, a new generation of prosperous doctors, artists, teachers. The members of the Finnish American Heritage Society are proud of the pins they wear: the American and the Finnish flags, joined.

—N.M.

Above, photographs of the sights of Finland taken by Taisto Koskela on his trips to the old country.

Eva Hilden's Nisu

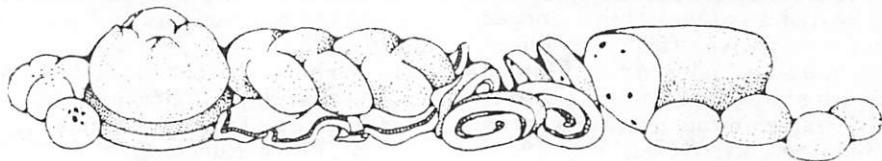
2 pkgs. dry yeast dissolved in
1/4 cup lukewarm water
1 pint rich milk (evaporated milk
or light cream)
1 stick butter or oleo, melted

Mix together milk and melted butter, let cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in water.

In a large bowl, mix together: 3 eggs, 3/4 cup sugar. Beat well. Pour in the warm milk and melted butter. Add 1 T. crushed cardamom seed, yeast, and 2 cups regular white flour. Beat well and put in a warm place (in an unheated oven over a pan of warm water works well). Let rise until double. After one hour, add about 5 cups of flour to make a dough and knead 10-15 min. until elastic. Let rise until double again, punch down. Then make braids, cinnamon rolls, loafs, whatever. Bake 15 min. in a 400° oven (350° for 20-25 min. for braids). Glaze with hot coffee and lots of sugar, or warm milk and sugar.

Riisi Piirakka

Put 1 c. uncooked white rice, 1 t. salt, 6 c. milk in top of double boiler; cook, stirring occasionally 'til rice is creamy & milk is absorbed. Add 2 T. butter & remove from heat. Crust: mix 1 c. water, 1 t. salt, 2 T. melted butter, oil or shortening; stir in 1 1/2 c. white flour. Beat 'til smooth. Add 1 1/2 c. rye flour; mix 'til blended. On a floured board, knead 3 min. until smooth. Roll into 8" circles, fill with rice filling. Crimp edges. Bake at 450° 15 min.—basting twice while baking & once when done. Basting Sauce: 1/2 c. hot milk & 2 T. melted butter. Cover in foil; serve hot or cold.



Finlandia: Jacob Mikkonen and Lauri Immonen

Condensed from the March, 1978 issue of BitterSweet:

The Finnish attribute of *sisu* . . . served the latter-day pioneers as well and won them the admiration and respect of their Yankee neighbors. It was a trait well suited to the wood and farmland of inland Maine, where decaying homes and barren fields abandoned in a zealous urban and westward migration, awaited refurbishing in the early 1900's.

Life was hard for the early Finnish settlers; but, for residents of areas around West Paris, at least, hard work eventually paid off. People prospered on restored farms and in the woods, setting up a sophisticated farmer's co-operative to market their goods, establishing the Finnish Congregational Church and introducing neighbors to such foreign commodities as Finnish saunas, dark bread, and mid-morning coffee breaks.

Jacob Mikkonen, grandfather of (former) state representative Jake Immonen of West Paris, was the first Finnish arrival. Dissatisfied with his work in Quebec City, Mikkonen hopped a freight south one day in 1890 and found himself unwittingly unloaded at the South Paris station. He made his way on foot to the small West Paris settlement (which, until 1957, operated as part of the town of Paris) where, the story goes, he spotted a wood pile and an ax and immediately began chopping to earn food and shelter.

Because it happened to be a Sunday, Mikkonen's work was abruptly halted by the farm's inhabitants, who explained the Sabbath was, for them, a day of rest. But the industrious 40-year-old foreigner, with his broad face and square jaw, apparently impressed West Paris townspeople. It wasn't long before he was given a job as a woodsman with one of the many crews working the West Paris area.

He scrupulously saved his income until he was able to buy a modest farm on High Street and then began sending for relatives living in the small town of Kuhmo in east central Finland, about half way up the Russian border. First to follow were a niece and nephew. Eventually two entire branches of the Mikkonen family arrived, along with part of a third branch. (Like many of his fellow Finns, Mikkonen found his name to be cumbersome and chose to change it finally to McKeen.)

By 1918, about 90 percent of the area's Finnish population had been drawn from the Kuhmo area, as the pattern begun by Mikkonen repeated itself again and again. Newly arrived, mostly young and male, the Finns saved wages earned at jobs on farms and in the woods to buy places of their own which they restored; and then, when they could afford it, sent for relatives to join them there . . .

Most, like Immonen's father, Lauri, known to many as "King of the Finns" for the prominent part he played in the West Paris community, were hardly more than boys when they arrived. The elder Immonen settled in West Paris in 1904 and bought a farm four years later. Farmer, woodsman, church-goer, and businessman, Immonen was a mainstay of the Finnish community. Because he had a good command of the English language, he served as interpreter and mentor for many of those who did not, transporting them to and from doctor's and lawyer's appointments, and supervising their other dealings with the non-Finnish population.

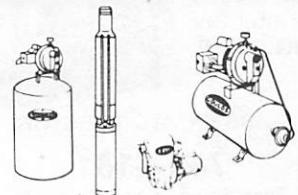
Immonen was instrumental in establishing two institutions which were to become focal points for Finnish life during the first half of this century—the Finnish Congregational Church and the Farmer's Co-operative.



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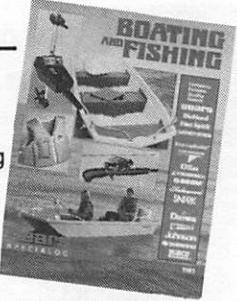
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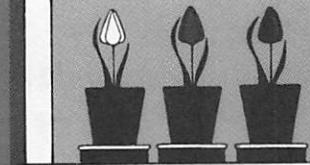
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Potpourri

by Margaret Harriman

APRIL

Spring is my favorite time of the year. I love the fresh clean smell of the earth after a rain and can hardly wait for the first May flowers. I find myself traipsing through the woods, lifting a leaf here and there in my search, enjoying the twittering of the birds as they flit from branch to branch ahead of me—my chores for the moment forgotten.

April does have many surprises and is as tempestuous as a woman—one minute calm and lovely, the next minute brewing a storm. It may be rain or it may be a blizzard. It has to be the most delightful and the most difficult month to write a gardening column for. Not being much good at weather predictions, I'm not sure if I should tell you to rake away your mulch or to cover your emerging tulips with snow to protect them from freezing. I guess you'll have to bear with me and do the best you can with whatever Mother Nature hands us.

There are some things which need to be done regardless of the weather outside. Start seeds of annuals which need the shorter growing time. Some that you planted last month must be already up and doing well. On this month's list are marigolds, zinnias and asters for the flower garden; tomatoes, peppers, cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce and eggplant, for the vegetable garden. Also start tuberous begonias this month.

I expect some winter-kill this year, so your shrubs will need to be pruned. Cut away dead wood and broken branches while pruning out the weak and spindly growth.

Evergreens can be moved this month. Keep the roots moist and protected from wind and sun while transplanting.

Weather permitting—rake away old mulch, leaves, straw and whatever else has accumulated through the

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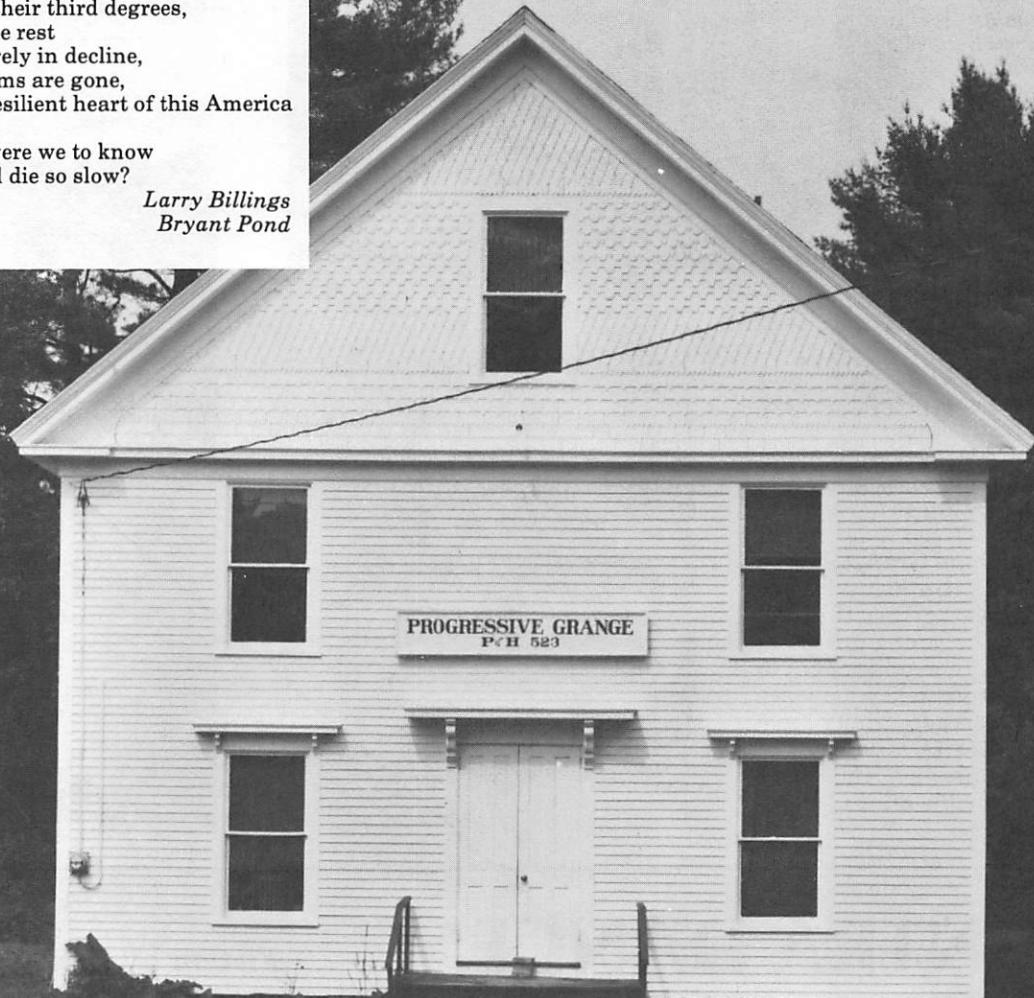
THE GRANGE

It's a Grange like any other—
They hold baked bean suppers
And play games and eat
Maple sugar on snow
And work their third degrees,
And like the rest
They're surely in decline,
For the farms are gone,
The rich, resilient heart of this America
Lies still
And how were we to know
Love would die so slow?

Larry Billings
Bryant Pond

GRANGE HALLS

by David Fulton



Grange Halls were once as familiar a part of Maine's landscape as the dairy farm or the potato field or the apple orchard. Their decline is indicative of significant changes in our society and particularly in New England.

Patrons of Husbandry, as Grange members are known, is a fraternal organization originally drawing on the family farm for membership. In 1880, there were over one million members nationally. In Maine, there were at one time over 400 thriving member organizations. In effect, this was a farmer's union and social club. The nature of farming in the United States at that time was considerably different than today, however. Once

*Previous page,
Progressive
Grange #523,
Waldoboro; inset,
Tranquility
Grange #344,
Waldo.
This page, top,
Pleasant Pond #59;
below, Somerset
Grange #18,
Norridgewock.*



we were a nation of farmers, and Maine was no different. Today we are a nation of industrialists.

Since land once farmed is now more valuable for other purposes, there has been a dramatic decline in agriculture in New England. Given a decline in farms, the traditional Grange shares this fate as well. Halls that once joined communities together, that met challenges, saw the young grow old, looked after each other, and sought to fulfill a civic responsibility, now are all too often in disrepair. Many have been abandoned or torn down. The expense of maintaining a Hall is just too much for the membership of many of Maine's Granges.



Despite what seems to be the trend, Maine's Granges have survived and appear as if they will continue to do so. Off the main roads, in isolated locations, white buildings still stand, as much a symbol of community as town hall (which in many cases shares the same building).

The typical Grange has a kitchen on the first floor, a hall on the second, a room for Grange meetings or that of other community groups. Some others fail because they continue to represent

David Fulton lives in



CONTRA DANCE

He drove that evening along endless miles of snow-whipped roads—sometimes across long barren ridges and occasionally dipping down into the woods, where the snow appeared to fall faster. He felt he was travelling across the steppes of Russia, such endless land with solitary houses miles apart. A small, spare town appeared, the weathered buildings perched on a hillside. It seemed a good place to take a rest from driving so he pulled over to a closed gas station and turned off the engine. The radio went off as well and the complete silence chilled him. It almost made him start up again—but faintly in the distance he could hear music.

He got out and walked toward it, silently, down the snow-covered street. The music came from an unpainted building, its door wide open spilling yellow light onto the snow, the sign above saying SCION GRANGE.

"A square dance?" he asked the lean man standing outside the door.

"Contra dance."

He hesitated, then decided to see if an outsider could come in and listen to the music. An old woman sat in the entranceway behind a desk, carved with initials, a cigar box with money in it in front of her. "One dollar," she said. A father with his young son walked past him from the hall. As he paid the woman the child said, "Daddy

Fiction by Henry Banks

I'm hot." The father picked him up and carried him squealing with delight outside where he dropped him headfirst into a snowdrift.

The hall was filled with red-face, wild-eyed people. The floor creaked. Strangest of all were the musicians. They sat at one end of the hall on a raised platform. The fiddler played for another world, his black eyes staring straight ahead, his body motionless except for his arm. The man at the bass was old, but kept twitching his shoulder madly as he played. All of the musicians except the old man had beards and sat in chairs as if posing for a nineteenth-century photograph. They all sat back, letting the

ne still has its share of Grange Halls that continue to do so in the face of the dire communities, the two-story, usually plain ol' of the community as the post office or the facilities of the Grange Hall).

first floor—it has been said that Grangers open hall used to conduct the business of city groups. These Granges survive where ent their communities.

In Rangeley, Maine, where he is a Granger.



Center, Willow Grange #366, Jefferson; top, Aziscoos #402, Wilson Mills; bottom, Woolwich Grange #68.



The dancers moved in an organized chaos, neither in pattern nor at random . . . All the motion in the Grange Hall was directed by the fiddler, who didn't watch . . .

music come out by itself. It came in spins and swirls, all the instruments intricately winding among one another.

He stood back under a make-shift basketball backboard, hoping he wouldn't be noticed, watching, ready with an answer: "I just stopped in by chance—wanted to see what was going on." He loved listening to the music; he didn't want to have to start answering questions. He had never cared for dancing until he had come inside this place. It must have been built for dancing; for just this number of people.

The walls were narrow beaded board; vertical, unfinished wood, darkened by age, polished in places by

years of being touched and leaned upon.

The dancers moved in an organized chaos, neither in a pattern nor at random, yet somehow everything fit together. He saw hands shake, people turn, and couples spin and cross back and forth in lines. All the motion in the hall was directed by the fiddler, who didn't watch, didn't give them an instructive phrase, but made sounds, gutteral syllables. "Turn . . . back . . . under . . . round." The hall reacted as a whole to each sound.

The music stopped and after a pause the fiddler shouted, "Line up for a contra!" Couples got in long lines, two tiny children tickling one another

next to an old hawk-nosed man . . . all kinds of combinations. Someone walked over to him and said "This is an easy one," quickly took him by the arm to where two women sat on folding chairs, and asked them both to dance. There he was, lined up on the creaking floor like everyone else.

There hadn't been a moment to say he didn't like to dance, that he wouldn't be able to do it. He thought of snow accumulating outside.

The woman he danced with wore a long cotton dress and had beautiful dark, deep-set eyes.

"I haven't done this before," he said.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's easy."

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The old man in the band leaned his bass against the wall and said "We'll walk through it once."

He followed the old man's instructions, walked forward and back at the right times and began to feel he'd be able to do it. But when the music started everything happened so fast he got confused trying to think what was coming next.

After a while he started to feel how the music came around again and again, and how the figures they danced fit into the music. The music—and the sounds from the fiddler—brought him into the right steps. The dancing became wild, spinning delight, each turn fitting in place. He danced down the line of women, alternately fat and thin, young and old; with the little girl he had to bend down to reach her tiny hands.

The fiddler shouted "Dancing Bear!" and the tune never stopped but switched crazily midstream. They kept dancing.

The old man with the hawk nose gave him a knowing smile. A strange sensation came over him. He no longer felt transported to a distant place. Somehow in the snow he had come upon a timeless village. The old man with the hawk nose and the long grey hair said something in that glance: "You don't have to be a bashful young man here. Our time is not their time."

He kept watching the old man who would wait to be surprised by the command from the fiddler; his old eyes would light up as he went into the next step. Each note mixed with another for a moment and he could tell the old man liked to dance best with the little girl.

He would swing a woman in line, then swing his partner. Each time he glanced at her she was staring him right in the eyes. After a while he figured out it was the custom to look right into your partner's eyes, so he stared right back as they spun. This made him a little dizzy; he enjoyed losing his bearings. Sometimes the whole room was turning and his dancer was perfectly still, and then she was spinning and only her eyes were still.

She was smiling and he realized that he probably looked grim—lips pursed, a serious stare. He smiled a little, trying it out, but could feel an uncomfortable tightening in his face. She said to him as they swung, "It's all right to smile." Instantly a grin

broke across his face, there was no stopping it. They were still spinning, their eyes locked, smiling at nothing in particular. When the dance was over he realized that, without thinking, he had jumped into steps at a sound from the fiddler.

He only danced once more with the woman with deep-set eyes. That was another custom; partners changed after every dance. So he danced with everyone—holding a hand, putting another around a waist, and looking into their eyes.

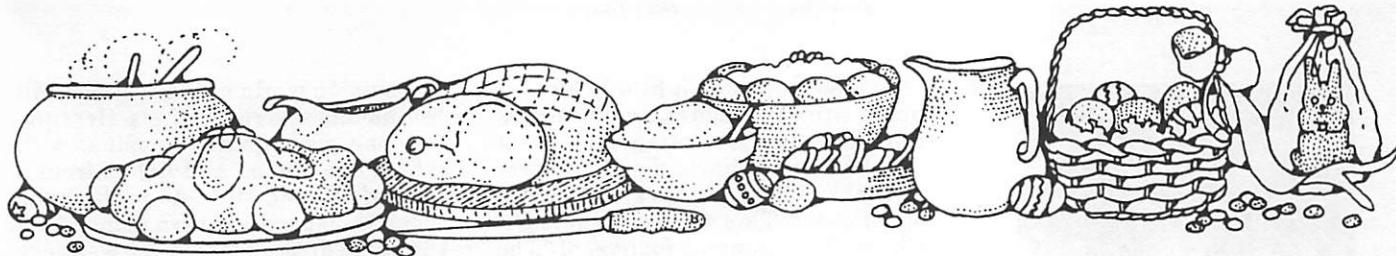
A melancholy waltz meant the last dance of the night. All emotion changed like a river rushing back on itself. He watched the couples—two little girls, the old man whose grey hair was longer than his wife's—dancing quietly to the flowing music, winding the evening down.

He looked for the woman with deep-set eyes. He knew she was the right person to teach him to feel graceful about waltzing. She must be outside, he thought.

He saw her walk back in; the waltz was probably half over. Before he could ask her he saw the fiddler stepping off the platform. He kept playing; she put her hands on the small of his back; he played a little as they danced, then placed his hands on her shoulders, the fiddle and bow against her back.

When the music stopped the father woke his little boy who slept on two folding chairs covered with coats. He had slept through the dances, even though the floor shook with pounding feet.

As they went out into the cold he said goodbye to some of the people he had danced with. He wished he could just walk, kicking the powdery snow. He would have to get back to the car. But he stopped halfway on the snow covered street and turned to watch the others going home. They walked past the streetlight which showed the snow still falling. As if choreographed, couples turned away from the group, going their own way. He watched the woman with deep-set eyes walking with the fiddler. As the others turned off the road they kept walking along, into the falling snow, away from the streetlight. Just before they disappeared, the two stopped and embraced. He felt the sadness, the soft, sweet sadness of a country waltz. He didn't want to feel anything else.



The Easter Gift

I complained bitterly. "Why can't I have candy for Easter like other kids?" I asked my mother. Of course, I wasn't really a kid, I was well into high school. But traditions die hard in our family and I did love to get those chocolate bunnies and eggs Mother always provided for me. But this year she had the bright idea to give me live baby chicks. She was sure I'd be thrilled and had gone to the trouble to get them from my Uncle Sherm, who owned a chicken farm. I was appalled—not only didn't I get the chocolate I expected but I now had the responsibility of two live chickens which I certainly did not want.

I solved the problem—temporarily, at least—I gave the critters to my mother for Mother's Day. Two weeks later they were mine again, for my birthday! Nine days later I gave them to Mother again for her birthday—and so it went; no one ever had to buy a gift for as long as William and Mary were with us.

They grew up to be tough old birds. I know because we ate them. Mary was hit by a car and William, the loyal husband, tended her for hours, "talking" to her in a comforting way, bringing her worms, giving her his undivided attention. He stayed with her until Dad came home for lunch and took care of the situation.

William, the bereaved widower, was something else again. He began to behave in a most ungentlemanly manner. He grew belligerent and systematically attacked each and every one of us. One day when Mother went out in the yard William ran after her and pecked her legs savagely. She took her bathrobe off and threw it over William, and as he ran all over the yard with the bathrobe over him, Mother made her way back to the house and safety. The lesson learned led Dad to provide poles at the side of each doorway. Whenever we went out into the yard we would take a pole and fence our way out and back with poor, lonely, angry William.

One morning I was putting a letter in the mailbox as the school bus arrived. I fenced my way back into the house to get my books and then exited via the front door. I hollered for the kids to open the door for me (the bus was really a station wagon) and I made a run for it. William was hiding behind the rose arbor; and as I dashed by, he was only a pace behind, racing me all the way to the bus. I made it, but with only inches to spare!

Shouts of laughter and glee could be heard every morning as I made my daily sprint from the house to the bus, William hot on my heels. William never seemed to learn when I was returning so my run from the bus to the house in the afternoon was somewhat less eventful than the morning episodes. But there is no doubt in my mind that mine was the most exciting bus stop in all of Oxford.

William met the same fate as his beloved Mary, and being a frugal family, we tried to make a meal of him.

But this worthy adversary was too tough to swallow in more ways than one. We had the feeling that somehow William had had the last laugh—the ultimate victory was his.

*Audrey Linke
Hamden, Conn.*

The Lamb Season

Traditional at this season is the meal of lamb. Though it is not necessary any longer to wait for springtime to eat lamb; still, that meat is more plentiful and easily found now. And it is especially a tradition for Easter.

Orange-Glazed Leg of Lamb (serves six)

1 leg of lamb
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. rosemary
1/2 c. orange juice

Place lamb on rack in roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and rosemary. Roast in slow oven (325°) for two and a half hours. Pour orange juice over lamb; roast one-half to one hour more, or until meat thermometer registers 175-180° (depending on desired degree of doneness). Baste lamb frequently during roasting period. Garnish with fruit, as desired.

Pineapple-Glazed Racks (serves six to eight)

2 racks of lamb (6-8 ribs each)
salt, ground cardamom & allspice
1 1/2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice

Sprinkle lamb on all sides with seasonings and salt. Place on rack in shallow pan, roast at 325° (slow oven) for 45 min. Drain off drippings; pour pineapple juice over the lamb and continue roasting until meat thermometer registers 175° (medium), basting frequently. Serve lamb on a platter of parslid rice.

Broiled Loin Chops (serves two to four)

1/2 cup melted butter
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/8 tsp. ginger
2 Tbsp. grated orange rind
4 loin chops about one-inch thick

Combine butter, nutmeg, ginger and orange rind; brush lamb chops with mixture. Broil chops 3-4 inches from heat source, 5-7 min. per side or until desired degree of doneness, brushing frequently with mixture.

(Ed. Note: An alternative would be to bake lamb chops in about 1 cup of orange juice in a shallow pan.)

*Recipes from the
American Lamb Council*



Dr. Charlotte Hammond Making Paris Hill Famous

On a ridge overlooking Paris Hill with the mystic White Mountains in the distance, there stood years ago the Hammond Homestead, with several attractive buildings set among the beeches. No sign announced what these buildings were, but all over New England and in other states as well, the place was known as "The Beeches."

Just beyond, a delightfully located home with a veranda extending across the full front was a cottage. It was set well back from the road amid flowers and shrubbery. In back, tall pines stood guard. This was the home of Dr. Charlotte Hammond, founder of "The Beeches." She was born at Andover, Massachusetts on February 4, 1855, the daughter of George F. and Julia (Albee) Hammond.

"Nothing succeeds like success" was true in Charlotte Hammond's life for she made her way from the simple life of the farm to the position she held in later life.

When still a young girl on the farm, she seemed almost shut away from

the outside world on an isolated hill top, among several brothers. Her companions were nearby cousins, with whom she played and fished from a stream near Mt. Mica. At one time she picked blueberries to earn money for a gingham dress of which she was very proud. She walked to the village school with her dinner pail on her arm.

Her first ambition was to become a teacher, and at the young age of 16 she achieved this—teaching first at Whittemore District near Paris Hill. After room and board were paid, she had two dollars a week stipend. Later she was promoted to a school in Waterford.



Benham Cottage



The Beeches

While there she met Dr. C. A. Stephens of *Youth Companion* fame. He engaged her to copy his articles for the magazine. There were no typewriters at that time but because her penmanship was excellent and she was accurate in every detail, Dr. Stephens found in her a desirable scribe. This work led her to sense the need of a wider education.

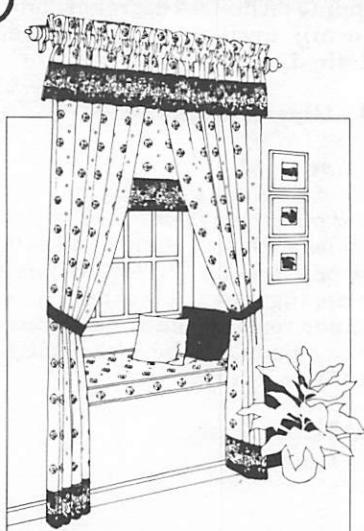
She saved her money and found a way to finance her education at Abbott Academy in Massachusetts. She still did the copy work that Dr. Stephens sent her until she graduated.

Her ambition led her further to Wellesley College; living on \$25 a month, she kept up her work for the *Youth Companion* and studied. Within about two years the typewriter came into use and hand-writing went out. Charlotte Hammond could no longer continue at Wellesley.

Fortunately, a research writing position on the staff of the *Youth Companion* opened up and Miss Hammond secured the position. While in Boston she came into contact with women who were ill or lonely and needed medical attention. Miss Hammond longed to use her life for service. So, with Boston University's

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College of Medicine nearby, she entered as a regular student while keeping up on her work for the *Companion*.

At the time she graduated she already had two patients who needed quiet and rest. She persuaded her parents to allow her to build an annex on the old homestead, where these patients could find their help on the ridge of Paris Hill overlooking the mountains.

This was the first step toward building "The Beeches," a quiet sanatorium which provided rest, recreation, and a home.

Dr. Hammond was a gracious hostess. Her patients enjoyed walking, picnics, and long drives over the hills. On Sunday afternoons a gathering was held. Many of the guests preferred this hour to any other of the week. The singing of hymns, the quiet, and the inspirational readings and talks were often led by Rev. Ames, D.D. of Boston; he and his wife spent their summers there.

As the fame of "The Beeches" spread, Dr. Hammond wished for a partner to help with the responsibilities, but a close friend discouraged her in this, telling her that the personal touch would be lost. So "The Beeches" continued under her gracious leadership for many years and was patronized by many people of national renown. "The Beeches" was eventually sold to other lady physicians.

After closing "The Beeches," Dr. Hammond and a close friend, Miss Benjamin, built a small cottage just next door—"Benham Cottage," using the first syllables of their last names. Here was a happy home consisting of the doctor; her mother, Julia Hammond; Miss Benjamin; Donnie, the little white dog; and last but not least, Maud Swan, the housekeeper who cared for them all.

Dr. Hammond's road of life may be compared to a picture with the etching of trees in the foreground, a gateway between, and a winding path leading away to the mountains—those mountains that gave her strength and inspiration. In her retiring years she helped several young people, including myself, to "find a way."

Years passed and some must go; the first was Miss Benjamin, followed by Dr. Hammond's mother, the little white dog and, finally, Dr. Hammond. Maud remained and lived her last

years with her nieces.

Both the main house and "Benham" were sold. The latter still stands but "The Beeches" are gone.

Dr. Charlotte F. Hammond died at Portland, Maine, April 15, 1942, at the age of 87 years. She sleeps in the little cemetery on Paris Hill, with her majestic mountains still standing guard.

*Colista Morgan
West Paris*

Henry Polland's Incredible Fishing Machine

Necessity is the mother of invention it is said, and Henry Polland of Webbs Mills believes it. For years Henry had known there was a better way to fish for Maine's big togue than the old way—a line, bait, and hours of trolling from a boat. The idea for his "fishing machine" came one winter as he sat in a camp on Thompson Pond drinking coffee and enjoying the heat thrown from a small wood stove. This was the way to fish, he decided. A person could do a little reading, have a snack, or keep up a steady conversation. All that was needed to catch a fish was an eye to the flags over the ice holes. No sitting still in a boat. No long hours far from food and other fishermen. No expensive gas to run the boat. Just relaxation and fish.

Now, Henry pondered, why couldn't a fellow do something like that when the ice went out? The more he thought about it, the better the idea sounded. He remembered a foot-square styrofoam cooler top at home which he was sure would float. He would begin with that. What bothered him was if his fishing machine was as simple to design and make as he thought it might be, why hadn't someone done it before? Could it be against Maine fishing laws? Before going on with the project, Henry checked and found nothing prohibiting fishing from shore at any time of the year as long as the fisherman kept an eye on his tackle and limited his traps to two lines.

Henry went to work. He reinforced the cooler top so that it could support the essentials of an anchor and an ice fishing tip-up. It took a few trial runs

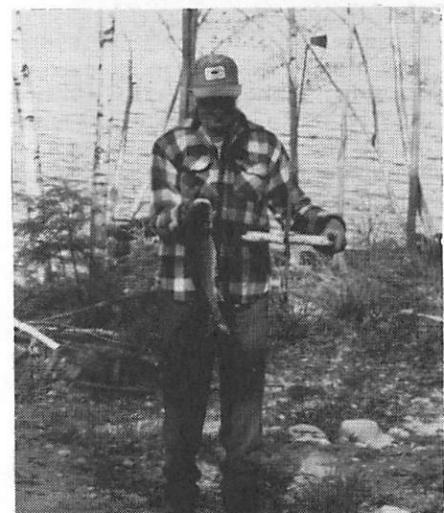
and modifications but soon Henry's machine could sustain the effect of wind and wave. Completed, the machine looked something like a tiny electric power pole on a miniature raft. The slightest ripple would cause the raft to bob, which made for an active bait or lure.

The big day came. Would the fishing machine work? With help from a friend Henry rowed out to a promising location. They set the "machine," checked the line and bait, and rowed to shore. From the cabin the men were able to see the fishing machine, and twenty minutes later when the flag went up, out they went.

This, being a non-fiction account, has to be accurate. The first fish caught on Henry's machine was a 22½ inch togue. To convince you that this is no fish story, you should know that others have tried the machine and even set up two in likely places. They, too, will attest to the magic of this new fishing technique.

Henry is a little concerned, though. The machine is so effective that he worries if everyone has one, Maine lakes might soon be fished clean—and Henry is a man who is both concerned with enjoying the beauty and bounty of Maine and of preserving it for future generations.

He believes strongly that nature provides and the smart person is one who will take advantage of what is around him. Each season offers him opportunities to fill his larder. In the fall he hunts for birds and deer. He



gathers cranberries and freezes them for winter cooking and giving. His vegetable garden produces canners full of food, and when fall is gone Henry looks forward to ice fishing for smelts, togue, and salmon. Spring brings dandelions and more fishing. This leads to summer and berry picking which is one of his favorite pastimes. He goes looking for strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries. (This past summer Henry picked seventy quarts of blueberries in just two days.) Of course, there is no way a person living alone can eat all the food Henry puts away. That is part of his plan; when winter comes Henry is able to bestow gifts of good Maine berries on his friends.

Those who find time hanging heavy on their hands should follow Henry through a day of cutting wood, berrying, gardening and pickling. He is busy every minute of the day and thrives on it. Each task brings its pleasure and reward. Henry has even found a way to make mowing lawns enjoyable. He lets mint run wild through his lawn so he can enjoy its scent while he cuts his grass.

Henry has spent his life trying to find a better way to get a job done. Now that his fishing machine is a proven success, he is thinking about a battery-powered reel for smelting. More on that later.

Jean Pottle
Webbs Mills

Florence Burrill Jacobs East Madison Poet

A landmark bequest from the estate of the late Maine poet-essayist, Florence Burrill Jacobs (1898-1978) of East Madison, has been received by the Maine Women Writers Collection of Westbrook College. The gift is the largest and most comprehensive assemblage of personal papers, manuscripts, letters, photographs, and memorabilia of a 20th century author that the Maine Women Writers Collection has so far acquired. This gift includes all the published and unpublished work of Florence Jacobs. It has been expertly annotated and cataloged by her husband, retired teacher, George Jacobs, who resides in the family home in East Madison.

Mrs. Jacobs was distinguished as a writer of both prose and poetry. Her essays, pungent and marked by an

ironic Yankee wit, have been published in such magazines as Down East, Yankee, and the New England Galaxy. Her poetry has appeared in many national magazines including *The New Yorker*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Poet Lore*, *McCalls*, *Farm Journal*, the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. She is the author of four books—**Stones, Neighbors, Gentle Harvest and Colors of Time**.

Florence Jacobs' creative powers were sustained brilliantly throughout a life-long career. Tribute to the exceptional literary talent of this gifted native of Maine may be found in the fact that she received more than 30 national first awards for her sonnets and lyrics. In 1975 she received the Gustav Davidson Memorial Award of the Poetry Society of America for her sonnet sequence entitled "Village Trio." Such recognition places her in the upper rank of American poets of this century.

Westbrook College's Maine Women Writers Collection welcomes visitors and is happy to share its holdings with scholars and general readers interested in Maine's unique literary heritage. The Collection will be open in the academic year 1982-83 on Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., and at other times by appointment. Advance notice should be given for summer visits.

Dorothy Healy
Portland

THE LANTERN

Supper dishes finished,
Gram went making calls
eager for some gossip;
bundled up in shawls,
mittens, fascinator,
against the evening chill;
carrying a lantern
to light her down the hill.

When it came eight-thirty,
we'd begin to pass
casually on errands
which took us by the glass,
watching for a distant
glimmer.

*Now and then
a star looks like that lantern
coming home again.*

VILLAGE TRIO

War of Nerves

Job was her husband's father, anyhow, not hers. And there he'd sit behind the stove mumping all forenoon, making Zillah move those plaguey extra steps to save a row; he'd watch, and fling out hints about a sloven,

and every time she got molasses cake rising, he'd grab a cover off to shake the fire till things fell inside the oven.

So this day when she lifted up a stick, eased off a lid, then Job reached out before by quarter-seconds, slammed the oven door to spoil another loaf, with eggs so few, Zillah brought down the pine slab in one quick motion that brained him. . . . What else could she do?

The Temperate Man

Virtue, to Saul, is seated in the flesh; he neither smokes nor drinks nor gets much good

out of his marriage, feeling that one should deny those appetites which weave a mesh of earthy habit. But the chance newcomer he'll buttonhole, and fill with dark surmise on local doings, half rumor and half lies dredged up from some forgotten, ancient summer;

will leave no one of all the village folks a rag of decency, a good intention or honest motive for a day's endeavor; then reach the orgasm of lewd invention and lope off, wrapped in merit . . . since he never samples old cider, never chews or smokes.

The Last Hurdle

Linc Waterbury never said a word when Hope began to ail and bore a child Nobody thought was his. He turned a mild gaze toward the probing comment or the slurred

insinuations, and would even bring the little fellow on his trips to town; till gradually the gossip simmered down before such calm rebuttal of its sting.

But when, that second fall, the baby died and Hope was making plans to lay him there among the others in the mountainside, bad as he felt, Linc wouldn't budge a hair; "We'll get a lot back Gorham way," he said, "this one up here's for Waterbury dead."

Poetry by
Florence B. Jacobs

The Corn Mill That Was

by Ruby C. Emery

In 1851, three years before the St. Lawrence Railroad (Grand Trunk) went through the small village, Samuel Locke built a grist or corn mill in the western part of Paris. The famous mill was located over the Little Androscoggin River.

Mr. Locke soon turned the mill over to his son, Samuel, Jr. and went to Greenwood to build another mill on the Alder River, thus giving that section of Greenwood the name Locke's Mills (now Locke Mills).

In 1939 the old Locke Grist Mill at West Paris was one of only two in Maine still using the old-time grinding stones, but once there were thousands of corn mills in New England. The first settlers often walked to the mill with their corn on their backs, bringing enough of the crop to help pay for the grinding and some to take home. Later, oxen were used to transport the corn, then horses, and lastly, cars.

Prior to the Civil War, corn was ground only for the livestock and corn bread or johnnycake; wheat was ground for flour. The local farmers were raising about 1000 bushels of corn a year and the Locke Mill was grinding about 300 bushels a month. When western grain was finally brought into New England via the railroad, the farmers could buy the grain cheaper than they could raise it and have it ground.

Mr. Locke's mill was run by water power and the stones used for grinding were not made of granite as were those used in most of the local grist mills. His grinding wheels were made of French burr, although they actually came from Italy. Tradition has it that the stones had been used as ballast in the old sailing ships in the early 18th century. It is thought that the ships came into Boston Harbor where they unloaded the ballast; and that eventually the stones, which were hard enough to cut glass, were made up into grinding stones.

At one time there were in the mill three sets of grinding stones for grinding grains and a flour bolt for making flour. Late in the 1930's, two sets were

removed and one was placed in a nearby field where it soon buried itself.

Beryl was used to face the wheels and the remaining disc was of native stone. During the middle 1800's, the beryl was none too plentiful, as the demand was great. The burr came in chunks, which were cemented together

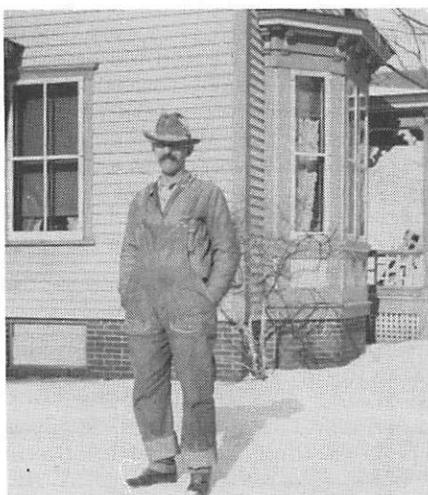
Many people in West Paris and the surrounding towns will always remember Percy C. Mayhew, the last grist mill operator in Oxford County.

by a cement process unknown today, into a steel frame 60 inches in diameter. The upper or top disc was 16 inches thick and weighed 4000 pounds. The bottom disc was stationary; only the upper wheel turned, going about 125 revolutions a minute. The wheels were encased in a wooden curbing. The corn, wheat, or oats to be ground came in at the top through a hopper which held about 6 bushels above the stone. Underneath was what was called a shoe, which vibrated and shook the grain down onto the stone. This shoe was raised or lowered to



Left, the
Locke grist
mill at
West Paris.
Below, Percy
Mayhew
ready for
work in 1928.

This grist mill was different from others in Maine. It had a ballroom on the second floor.



govern the amount of grain to be ground. If too much went in at a time it would plug the stone. The wheel raised or lowered the shaft on which the top wheel rested. With the wheel lowered, the product was ground very fine for flour; when it was raised, coarser meal.

This grist mill was different from others in Maine. It had a ballroom on the second floor which was at one time the center for West Paris social activity. This ballroom was 60 by 36 feet and was lathed and plastered. One can visualize the farmers in their homespun and handmade suits and the women in their hoop skirts, dancing the waltz, two-step, schottisch, maid-in-the-pump-room, and others, to the music of the fiddle, organ and banjo. In 1865 a celebration was held in the mill hall for the boys returning from the Civil War. The original decorations of evergreens, tacked to the

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walls for that occasion, still remained when the last owner retired.

It took about three days to sharpen one stone—a long and tedious process of pecking away with a steel hammer. One could peck for hours and make very little progress, for the stones were very hard. The many years of sharpening never appreciably reduced the thickness of the stones.

May 1, 1907, Elva E. Locke, widow of Samuel Locke, Jr., sold the famous old grist mill to Alton Maxim, who operated it for four years and then sold to D. H. Fifield in 1911. When the J. B. Ham Co. purchased the corn mill on July 19, 1920, Mr. Fifield reserved the tenement house near the mill, then known as the "Mill House." The Farm Service Co., Inc. became the owners in 1936, and in 1937 they sold to Percy C. Mayhew, who had been Mr. Fifield's manager.

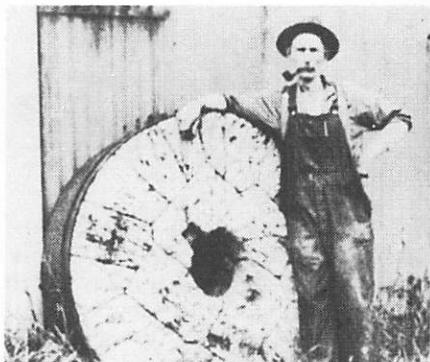
While Mr. Mayhew operated the mill, Clarence Coffin and Clarence Smith worked for him, as well as Herman Barnett and Lester Hathaway (who used to supply his home town of Woodstock with J.B. Ham products). J. Albert Jackson assisted Mr. Mayhew from 1924 to 1928.

Percy Mayhew retired as a distributor for Wirthmore Feeds in 1950. He had been a sub-dealer for Norway Farmers Union for fourteen years and had been associated with the grain business for 41 consecutive years. In 1951, on its 100th anniversary, he sold the West Paris landmark to Penley and Sons Mills. The mill burned September 9, 1954.

Many people in West Paris and the surrounding towns will always remember Percy C. Mayhew, the last grist mill operator in Oxford County.

He had been born on a farm in Sumner, August 15, 1875, the oldest of seven children. He and his brothers and sisters walked three miles to school. His education was very limited, mainly the "three R's," but no mathematical problem was ever too difficult for him. Percy was a great reader (he could read a whole book in one evening), enjoying both fact and fiction as long as he lived.

Mr. Mayhew was twice married. His first wife, Fannie Sewall of Sumner, died in childbirth. Several years later, in 1912, he married Phila Davis of West Paris; and thereafter educated her two daughters, Mildred Davis (Rollins) and Beatrice Davis (Jackson), as well as his niece, Myrtle



Percy Mayhew beside one of three mill stones used for grinding grains.

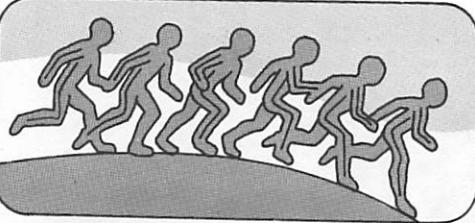
Robinson (Rowe) who came to live with him when still a small child, following the death of her parents.

Percy was never too ill to work, taking only one day off each year to attend the fair in South Paris. He always walked to work, coming home to Church Street for his lunch. His pipe, a faithful companion, was always with him, in his mouth or in his pocket. He never missed a lodge meeting in fifty years of membership with the Masons and the Odd Fellows.

But most of all Percy Mayhew was everybody's friend. He did a lot of philanthropic deeds that were never known. He was interested in all the events of the town, particularly in the young people. He never missed a baseball game of the boys known as "The Chickadees" and treated them with ice cream cones whenever they won. He also attended all ball games played by the local Town Team.

A man such as he is missed. And a structure such as the Locke Grist Mill will never again be duplicated in West Paris.

Now a resident of Bryant Pond, Mrs. Emery lived with her Uncle "Perce" Mayhew during her years at West Paris High School. She tells us that, in addition to the corn and grist mill, there were other mills in West Paris in the late 1800's: an excelsior mill, at least two factories that ground plaster from calcium carbonate lime, and several other grist mills. Samuel Locke, Jr. also ran a dry goods and grocery store and, in 1897, W. G. Morton moved his furniture business from Bryant Pond to the Locke store.



Medicine for the Hills

by Dr. Michael Lacombe

Consumerism in Medicine

Two recent tragedies at Stephens Memorial Hospital have prompted me to rework the introductory article to these columns, which appeared in *BitterSweet* five years ago. Each of these tragedies resulted from a patient's failure to recognize angina pectoris. In the first, a man died in his dooryard while shoveling snow. He had been experiencing chest pain during the shoveling and took frequent breaks to allow the pain to subside. Neighbors subsequently observed him to collapse in the driveway. He could not be resuscitated in our Emergency Room. In the second instance, a man had chest and arm pain all night long, and when the severe discomfort did not subside, an ambulance was called eighteen hours later. This man had a cardiac arrest in the ambulance en route to the hospital, and he also died. A third patient has been more fortunate. She had been having exertional chest and arm pain for two months before severe, crushing chest pain signalled a heart attack. She came to the hospital promptly because of the severity of the pain, had a cardiac arrest shortly after arrival at the hospital and was successfully revived. However, had she recognized the angina pectoris during the two months' warning period before the heart attack, she may have been able to prevent that attack.

How does one recognize heart disease? What are the signs of angina pectoris? And how much alcohol consumption will lead to liver disease? Why do we not give penicillin for the flu? Which drugs are always dangerous for children? Who may call himself a doctor? How does a chiropractor differ from an osteopath? How does one choose a doctor? What are the signs of a good doctor? Should one ever switch doctors? Does teething ever cause fever? How often should

one have a medical check-up? What do black bowel movements mean?

Most Maine people can recite the virtues of various woodstoves and the mechanics of drafts, stoking, and ways to avoid a chimney fire. We all view woodfires as a serious undertaking and as potentially lethal, as lethal, for example, as is lighting a cigarette. Mainers acquire knowledge about the subject and act responsibly. Few Mainers know much about health and behave responsibly about their own bodies. We shop around for the cheapest doctor. We take our blood pressure medicine for three months and then stop it, considering ourselves cured of the disease. Dentures, rather than good dental care, are the order of the day. Medically we are quite ignorant, as are most Americans!

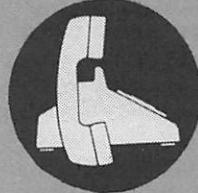
There are societies medically quite sophisticated, and in these societies, in Sweden and Denmark for example, a system of free health care works quite well. This is partly because the people in these societies have an ethic of preventive medicine. Americans do not share this ethic. We eat and smoke far too much, consume alcohol far in excess, and get no exercise. If, for example, you run three miles a day, you get more exercise than 99% of all Americans. This is a shameful statistic.

That we Americans are medically uninformed is partly the fault of doctors. Doctors allow themselves to get too busy to talk to patients. It becomes boring for doctors to offer the same explanation and the same coaxing over and over again. The malpractice hoax has all but destroyed a doctor's credibility.

Part of the blame for our medical ignorance belongs also to the patient. People are all too willing to surrender to the doctor the burden of responsibility for one's self. We want him to make us thin. We want him to stop our smoking for us. We want an instant cure. An easy way out. One might as well demand that the oil man turn down the thermostat, split our wood, and close our doors.

Part of the blame for medical misinformation rests with health educators and health care providers, although I hasten to add that this is certainly not the case here. Hospitals elsewhere have not been inclined to teach communities about health care, and nurses, used to a more passive

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This community of Island Pond, Vermont was carved out of the wilderness in 1850 for one primary purpose—to be a railway center; a division point where the Atlantic district joined the St. Lawrence. There exhausted crews changed for rested men, repairs were effected to equipment, and engines were serviced.

Home for generation after generation of railroadmen, Island Pond, its huge engine and support facilities and nearly all its yard tracks no longer existing, remains a railroad town; it is the meeting point of the Berlin and Sherbrooke Sub-divisions of the Canadian National System. Trains moving between them still change crews here, and it serves as home terminal for the roadswitching job to and from Berlin five days weekly.

The station, now several vanished trackwidths away, abounds with people watching the train come in. Some come down to watch every train arrive and depart—but when it's the infrequent passenger train of this day and age, they all come down to renew friendships and to make new acquaintances. The engines stop several car lengths beyond the across-yard sidewalk that replaced the old wooden footbridge near the west end of the station's platform. More than half the train is still in the east yard. Those on board will have approximately an hour of leisure time to visit or browse the shops of the business district behind the station, while the engines cut off with the steam generating car and move to the opposite end of the train.

Since the switching movements will use much of the layover time, I dismount before the engines are cutoff, for checking in at the station to review the orders and any new instructions regarding the return movement eastbound, and especially for greeting that elderly whitehaired gentleman stepping briskly across the yard toward the engines. As fine and stately a man as a person could ever be privileged to meet is Mike Carboneau. He's one of the last surviving "boomers", those adventurous young men who railroaded around the continent shortly after this century began, when the railroad industry enjoyed its finest hours.

Telegraphy on one road, firing yard engines on that line, and braking freights somewhere else, the boomers



Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk

were always moving on. "Wanderlust," boomer railroadman-turned-author Maxwell Swan termed it. For Mike it started with firing freights on the Boston & Maine; then he moved on to the Big Four for a spell before heading off along the Wabash and on down to New Orleans, the Texas Panhandle, and Mexico. After that came a stint running engines in France with a Railway Battalion, and when the War was over, he returned to following the boomer trail. Eventually it led him to the Grand Trunk's seasonal grain rush firing into Island Pond. Mike took a fancy to that island in the middle of the lake, found the Grand Trunkers were hospitable people, and then met the right girl and fell in love. Marriage followed. He gave up firing and took a position as express agent at the station, becoming, to his fellow boomers, one of the "home guard." Mike, always congenial, industrious and levelheaded, quickly became a community leader and one of its most highly respected citizens. We have a marvelous, non-railroad chat on our walk to the station.

Inside, the station partially resembles its past appearance, the waiting room crowded with a steady flow of passengers from the train. They study the dark panelled interior closely, test the settees, and peer intently through the glass encasement of the former ticket office. The operator's register

area is nearly elbow-to-elbow as the offgoing crewmen sign out, and members of the oncoming eastbound crew sign in. Harold Cahill, engineer . . . Maynard Rivers, assistant . . . John Sloan, conductor . . . Frank Allard and John Egan, the brakeman; all but the latter, from Gorham, are Island Ponders. After a review of the orders and message board, a brief chat with Trainmaster O'Connor and Operator Naud, I rejoin Mike outside to see members of his gracious family and other Island Pond friends during the remaining minutes before the oncoming crew comes outside. And then it's time to take the engines down the yard and couple onto the train.

As the engines move down the yard to reach the main track and slowly come back up toward the end of the train, many of the sightseers strolling lakeside move closer to observe the engines being coupled to the steam generator car. They begin returning to their coaches as the braketest are conducted. A long whistleblast alerts those still some distance from the train that it is nearing departure time, and the next whistle—two long blasts—signals two minutes. An excursionist has been known to tarry and miss the train, but not often. To do so here involves a very long taxi ride home, for there is no other public transportation.

Conductor Sloan of the eastbound crew calls up that everyone has been



THE FOLIAGE TRAIN PART VI by John R. Davis

accounted for and we may proceed when ready. Repeating the transmission, Engineer Cahill whistles off, releases the brakes, and the train begins to roll. As we gather momentum coming out of the yard, the lakeshore, Island Pond, campground, Spectacle Pond, the tamarack bogs, and the cluster of young people on the little overhead bridge at East Brighton rapidly fade from sight. A string of pulp-rack cars on Wenlock Siding echo the clatter of the coaches over the rail-joints; and beyond the highway crossing the Wenlock Woods once again surround the train.

We drop downgrade mile after mile. *The thick forests on both sides of the track render it difficult to believe that this region was totally devastated by a great fire in May, 1903, which timber baron Van Dyke alleged was started by sparks from a Grand Trunk locomotive working up the hill. In ten days time, all these woods along the Nulhegan River and an area from Bloomfield to Colebrook, Stratford to Columbia, had been consumed, in company with dams, lumber camps and railway tracks. The embers from this vast conflagration are alluded to have caused large-scale fires in Lunenberg, Groveton, Stark, Guildhall, Percy, Kilkenny, Lancaster, parts of Zealand Valley and even across the border to Hereford, Quebec. Altogether it took thirty-five days to extinguish the flames.*

From the bridge connecting Bloomfield and North Stratford, and again from where it comes trackside as we leave the yard, we see the Connecticut River looking calm and peaceful. It meanders slowly along the intervals, belying an unpredictable penchant for rising above its banks every now and then to threaten lives and damage property. Here, too, are tons of granite fragments from the railroad's Bryant Pond quarry, buried beneath the railway riverbank to thwart, not always successfully, the erosion of roadbed on those occasions the river covers the valley floor.

The long stretch of intervalle on this side of the valley also provided express train engineers some counterbalance for maintaining schedule time lost in the miles of ess-curves between Stark and Snow's Falls, though few attempted the daring speed reflected for one eastbound train in the November 1887 records. That train covered the 87 miles from North Stratford to South Paris in 80 minutes—averaging slightly under sixty-five miles an hour. Regrettably, the reason for such a fast run has yet to surface.

At Groveton, Harold brings the train to a near stop, allowing Maynard to sprint ahead and line the west switch for the siding. The front wheelset of

the engine veers leftward with a rusty metallic screech and the long passenger train goes into the hole for a freight train meet. The rear brakeman relines the switch for the main track when the last set of coach-wheels is clear of the points, and taking a few strides to catch up, swings onto the rear steps. Conductor Sloan radios that "we're all set back here," and Harold gives the traction motors a short burst of power.

Putting a passenger train onto the siding during a meet with a freight train is not altogether uncommon. *During the grain rush seasons in the early 1860's and particularly the fall of 1861, when extremely heavy crops harvested for the European market made it necessary to run entire trains of the rival Great Western line in Ontario directly through here to Portland for expediting the prairie gold to waiting ships, passenger trains often sat on sidings for an hour and more while eight or ten freight trains passed by.*

Our wait at the street crossing west of Groveton station is far less—we barely come to a stop when Freight Train 393 announces that it's at the east switch. Moments later its four engines trundle around the curve, their exhaust stacks billowing a slender trail of oily smoke as the engineer gives his seventy-eight-hundred horses more freedom on the reins. The headend crews exchange greetings to each other and the din of clatter amid the rumbling of the ground beneath the heavy freight cars passing by resounds loudly off the coachsides. The caboose swings around the curve and Harold whistles off, letting the train move slowly over the crossing. As our engine comes abreast the freight train's caboose, its rear brakeman signals greetings from the cupola, as does Conductor Jim Caouette standing at the rear porch railing. As it passes, he calls up to me that the *Cards* took the final, but the *Expo's*'ll get 'em next year.

Maynard again sprints ahead to open the east switch and swings up as the engine comes onto the main line. The train moves slowly across the bridge over the Ammonoosuc until Conductor Sloan calls up that everything is set on the rear, then gathers speed rapidly for the slight grade ahead. Coming over the rural grade-crossing west of Stark, train speed drops below the normal reduction made on ap-

proaching the curve ahead, for as the village green reappears, the children in Colonial costume have all returned to again stand aligned holding placards that now present the message "Goodbye 470 Club. Come Again."

In the ess-curve that swings away from the Amonoosuc, on Friday, December 1st, 1854, the morning passenger train from Island Pond, made up of a snowplow, two engines, and one coach with a baggage car ahead and another behind, was proceeding slowly in a snowstorm after leaving Stark station. An eastbound freight was discovered coming up from behind at full speed. Despite frantic signalling by the conductor from the rear-most car, on it came, smashing that baggage car and the passenger coach to pieces. Twelve passengers were seriously hurt, one of whom shortly succumbed from the injuries, becoming the first passenger fatality on the line.

Aside from the hardwood growths slowly creeping across the meadows and pastures toward the barnyards of scattered farmstands, Percy is not all that greatly changed from over a hundred years ago when it was known by the railroad as Stark W.S.—the initials signifying Water Station, for there were never all that many buildings at trackside. The vacationers still summer over each year at Lake Christine and the chief export remains as it always was, cordwood. Few traces at Crystal reflect that it once was a thriving settlement with numerous homes housing the families of men employed at Paris Manufacturing Company's large sawmill operation, and in cutting off the firm's timbertracts for the Lombard log-hauler to bring in from the slopes.

From Crystal into the Dead River Valley travelling eastward, the fores-

ted countryside on distant hillsides appear more balanced in the mixture of hardwood reds, oranges and yellows with the greens and blues of spruce and fir, though all are subdued in color by the gray-white of overcast sky. The greatest reward comes on several occasions near West Milan when lefthand curves reveal brief breaks among the ridges along the southside which afford glimpses into the Presidential Range.

East of Copperville, a ledge-crowned summit pushes up from behind the distant treetops nearly straight ahead, soon followed by white plumes of smoke and then slender chimney tops that foretell of Berlin Heights. People wave from second-story porches along the curve approaching the station. The train almost coasting, engines nearly silent move by the platform, where several dozen spectators watch Operator Fournier perform the time-honored ritual of holding up a long, thin, Y-shaped rod with the orders attached to a string looped across the tines. The fireman reaches out to thrust his arm between them for catching the string. Beyond the crossing the engines roar briefly as Harold touches the throttle for a short moment before starting down Cascade Hill.

This grade gave the great runaway its momentum one winter night back in 1908. A train of pulpwood from the west had been set off at the eastend of the yard here, the engine and caboose going on down to Gorham to service the engine and give the crew their layover rest. Apparently the brakes did not hold or were improperly set; a little later the Berlin operator noticed the east switchlamp blinking and stepped out onto the platform in time to perceive the cars had split the switch and were headed down the hill. He wired the Gorham operator.

who rushed over to the bunkhouse and roused out its occupants with the message of a runaway coming down the hill. Somewhere between Gilead and Shelburne a westbound freight was on the road with no means of being alerted since Shelburne was only a daytime agency.

Engineer Elmer Barnes and fireman Bill Haley, dressing as they went, reached engine 716 about the time the pulp cars came whizzing through the yard doing around thirty miles an hour and still gaining speed. Despite low steam pressure on the engine from having been put away for the night, Elmer moved the Consolidation ahead and out onto the mainline in pursuit as Haley shoveled in the coal, trying to rebuild the fire and keep the needle on the steam gauge rising. Just about as quickly as he shoveled, the engineer was using it up in getting the big driving wheels to turn faster; neither man was really concerned that the engine was hitting about sixty miles an hour going onto the Shelburne Pool causeway and closer to seventy crossing it. They caught the runaway cars at Leadmine crossing, and had barely returned to Gorham yard with them when the westbound's headlight silhouetted the Peabody River bridge.

You Don't Say

Better Than Perfect

Once at hog-butcher time, the owner was especially proud of the size of the biggest pig. He asked his helpers to guess its dressed weight. One guessed the exact number of pounds.

"That's remarkable, Zeke, how did you do it?" the farmer asked.

"Tain't nothin'," Zeke answered. "Sometimes I can do a lot better'n that."

Familiar Sight

An old-timer who wasn't thought to be quite bright once had his picture snapped by some visitors as he was sweeping his front stoop. When shown the picture, he was asked if he recognized who it was. He didn't.

When finally told who the subject was, his only comment was: "I thought the broom looked familiar."

William Tacey
Waterford

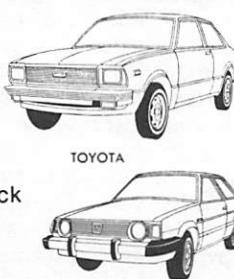


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role, fear to take an active part in the teaching of patients. At Stephens Memorial Hospital there is a fulltime health education department with an ambitious program. For example, the Stephens' health education department sponsored a community-wide instruction in cardiopulmonary resuscitation, which has resulted in a vast improvement in performance of CPR by hospital staff and by area physicians.

We come at last to the purpose of this article and of these monthly columns. I have never viewed them as an effort to entertain nor to sell magazines. I have thought of them as a public service, offered by me and by **BitterSweet**. The idea has been to promote a sort of "consumerism" in the good sense, for health care, to tell you how to shop, what to look for, what to buy, what to expect for your money, and, most importantly, when and how to "do it yourself."

In the past five years the response to these articles has been very positive. More than one person has, through the information gained here, recognized for example angina pectoris, internal bleeding from cancer, or the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis. A Spanish doctor in the Midwest has copied several of these articles to distribute to his patients because his difficulty with English has made it hard for him to communicate with them. The Maine Lung Association has reprinted one of the antismoking articles. I wish it could be said that our community has become replete with slim, nonsmoking joggers, but such is not the case. Human nature, I guess. We begin our second five years. We will persist, **BitterSweet** and I, in saying, "Lose weight, exercise regularly, don't smoke, and care for one another."

CARDIAC SUPPORT GROUP

A series of workshops for heart patients & their loved ones will begin Apr. 13, 3 p.m., Library of Stephens Memorial Hospital. Dr. Lacombe will speak on heart disease and medication. Designed to become an ongoing support group. Sponsored by SMH Health Education Dept. and Tri-County Mental Health Services. For more info call Arlen Kehn or Alice Gruba at 743-7911.

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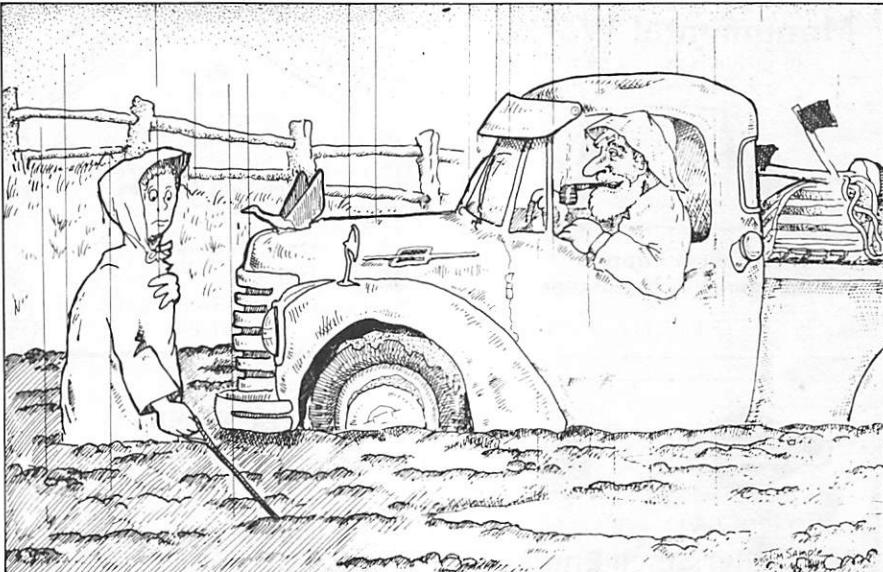
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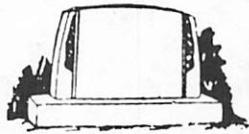
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Can You Place It?



Last month's picture was Bear Mt. in So. Waterford, looking up the road from North Bridgton around Bear Pond (when it was still dirt). First to identify it was Helen Denison, Norway; followed by Celia Ballard, Fryeburg; Charles Rice and Irene Hapgood, South Paris; George H. Allen of Oxford; W. W. Fillebrown of Waterford; and Reginald Kimball of Millinocket.

This month's picture is a place consumed in a conflagration of 1894. Many more priceless pictures of this locale will appear in our May issue.

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winter months. I don't know if everyone's lawn and grounds look as bad as mine always do, come Spring; but if so, it'll take more than an hour or so to clean, rake and pick up the debris.

Phlox and delphinium can be divided or moved as soon as new green shoots appear above ground.

Remember that seeds and plants are like children. The books may not be right for yours. Use your own judgment—experiment a bit, and rely on your good common sense.

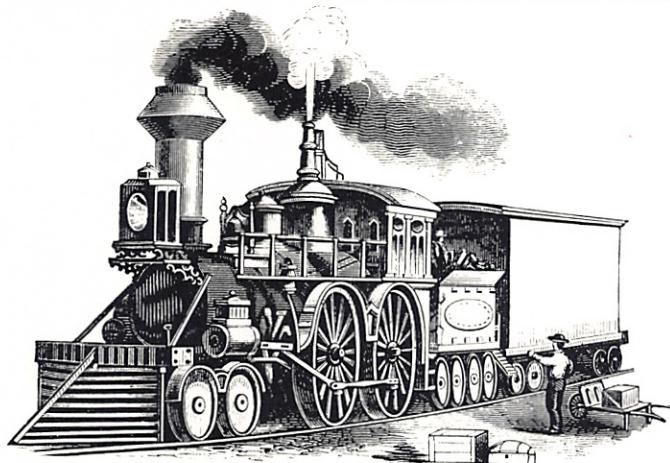
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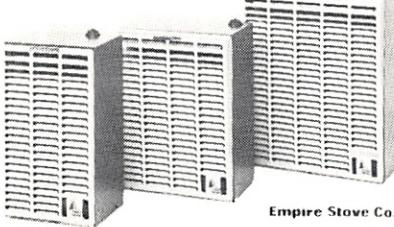
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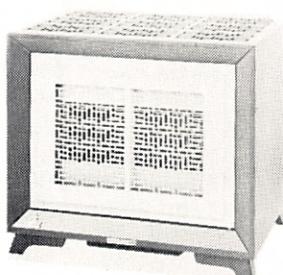
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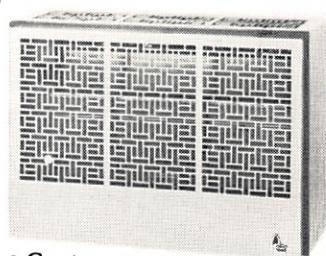
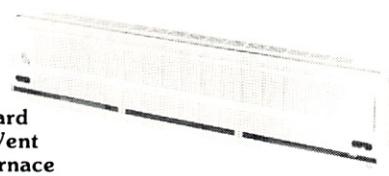
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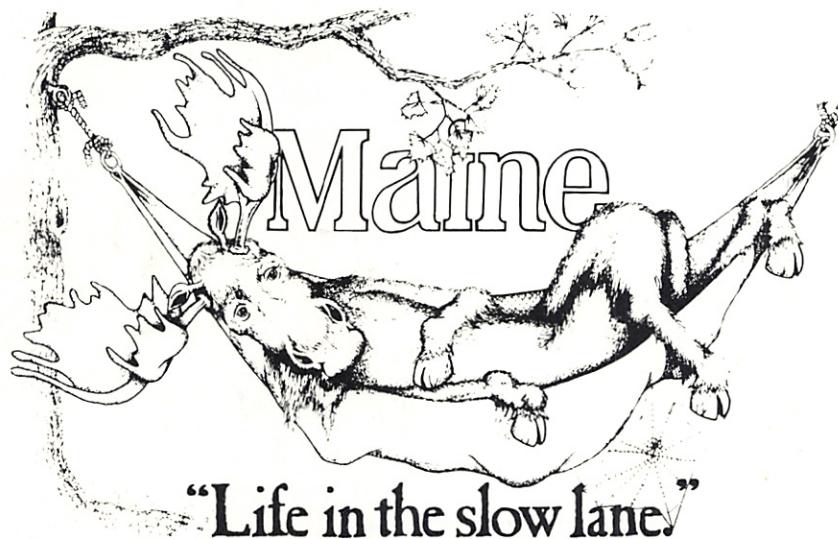
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